

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 204.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### SCENES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

We give herewith an engraving of the Tomb of Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, South Carolina's greatest statesman. The obelisk in the left of the picture is a Monument to the memory of ROBERT J. TRUMBULL, "the intrepid and successful assertor of the Rights of the States, author of the Address of the Convention to the People of South Carolina, and other able productions in support of Constitutional Liberty." He was born 14th January, 1774, and died 15th June, 1853.

We give also an engraving of the OLD POWDER MAGAZINE in Cumberland Street, Charleston—one of the relics of the Revolutionary War. Here, previous to the surrender of the city to the British, in 1780, powder was stowed to the amount of about



THE PALMETTO FLAG.

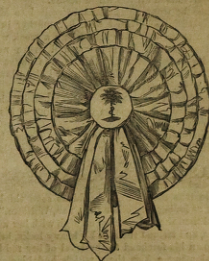


THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE, CUMBERLAND STREET.

100,000 pounds. By order of the American general in command it was taken from this place before the surrender, and secretly walled up in the Custom-house vaults, where it remained safe from discovery during the time the enemy held the city.

This relic of the past is still in good preservation, and is one of the most notable ancient buildings at present remaining in the city.

The reader will find also an engraving of the PALMETTO FLAG, which has been recently hoisted by vessels in the harbor, and in the streets of Charleston, during the secession excitement. And of the famous COCKADE worn by the citizens of South Carolina generally. The last is of fine silk, with a button in the centre, on which is represented a palmetto-tree.



THE PALMETTO COCKADE.



TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH-YARD, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.













CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.—(FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.)

## CHARLES DICKENS.

We accompany the first part of Mr. Dickens's new novel, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," with a Portrait of the author, taken from a very recent photograph. Those who remember him during his visit to this country will notice the change which has taken place since then in his outward man.

Mr. Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, on 7th February, 1812. His father was for many years a Paymaster in the British Navy; on his retirement he became a reporter on the London press, and it was through him that Mr. Dickens first connected himself with journalism. His father's idea was that he should be an attorney; but a few months' work in a London office satisfied any longings he may have had for distinction in that profession. Abandoning the law, he became a reporter on the sea, and afterward on the *Morning Chronicle*; studied shorthand assiduously, and for some years had had his seat in the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

It was during his arduous apprenticeship to the work of a Parliamentary reporter that he wrote his first sketch of life, under the pseudonym of Boz. It pleased, and was followed by others, which attracted so much attention by their keen humor, pathos, and remarkable discernment of character, that their author was offered a handsome sum by Mr. Hall, of Chapman & Hall, to write them a series of sketches, to be published with illustrations, in monthly parts. This was the origin of the famous "Pickwick Papers," the first number of which was published in 1835. Their success was almost unprecedented. When the first number appeared Mr. Dickens was unknown; when the work was completed he was the most popular writer in England; and Pickwick, Bardell, and the Wethers were familiar to every body. Little Nell the most graceful and perfect of Mr. Dickens's creations.

In 1837 "Oliver Twist" followed, and was eagerly welcomed on both sides the Atlantic; and in 1839 "Nicholas Nickleby" fully maintained the reputation of its author. "Master Humphrey's Clock," which followed in 1840 and 1841, was not, like Nell the most graceful and perfect of Mr. Dickens's creations.

In 1842 Mr. Dickens visited this country, and was received with an enthusiasm which the appearance of "American Notes" had a tendency to dampen. On his return home he published the

first and sweetest of his Christmas stories—"A Christmas Carol," and "Martin Chuzzlewit"—a work of infinite power, and full of his peculiar humor, but marred by the faults which were so conspicuous in his previous work on America.

In 1846 Mr. Dickens appeared before the public as the editor of a daily newspaper—the *Daily News*—which was intended to inaugurate a new era in London journalism. He had previously filled, for a few months, the office of editor of *Reynolds's Political Journal*; but this was his first experiment in political journalism. It is no discredit to him that it was not a success. His political powers were very different from, perhaps superior to, those required of the editor of a daily paper. After a few months of severe labor he resigned his post, and reinstated himself in public favor by the publication of those most charming of tales, "Dombey & Son" and "David Copperfield."

In 1850 he established, in conjunction with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, a new paper, under the title of *Household Words*, and published in its pages, successively, his "Child's History of England" and "Hard Times." It attained a very wide popularity, and became, as its founder intended, a household favorite throughout England. Mr. Dickens did not publish in its columns, however, "Black House" or "Little Dorrit," both of which appeared in monthly parts.

In 1859, owing to a difference between Mr. Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, *Household Words* was discontinued, and Mr. Dickens established a new periodical, *All the Year Round*, in which he gave to the world his last serial, "A Tale of Two Cities." By a special arrangement with Mr. Dickens, the proof-sheets of *All the Year Round* are dispatched to the publishers of *Harper's Weekly* some time before they are published in England, and thus the readers of this journal enjoy the benefit of every thing that appears in Mr. Dickens's periodical a fortnight or more before the regular copies reach this country. The new novel, "Great Expectations," has, we are told, aroused great expectation on the other side. Our subscribers will have the advantage of reading it by the light of Mr. McLellan's admirable illustrations.

Mr. Dickens has written so much and so well that the severest ordeal any thing new that he writes has to undergo is the comparison with what he has written before. His published stories are so popular that people will hardly admit that they can be equalled; the admirers of Dombey and Copperfield were quite jealous of Little Dorrit, and af-

fect to speak lightly of Doctor Manette. It is not uncommon to hear people say that he has written himself out. It may be remarked, however, that while the contemporaries of the Pickwick Papers deny that he has ever surpassed that work, there are numerous critics who consider "Oliver Twist" his master-piece, others who prefer "Nicholas Nickleby," some who pronounce in favor of the "Old Curiosity Shop" and others in favor of "Dombey & Son"; while, judging from the sales of the published volumes, "Little Dorrit" has the best claim to pre-eminence; and from the actual number of readers, the "Tale of Two Cities" would probably hold the first rank. In a word, there is not the least reason for supposing that in any of the qualities which have raised Mr. Dickens to his present fame—humor, descriptive power, analytical perception of character, charm of style, fancy, pathos, or dramatic ability—there has been any decay since Boz first came before the public. We have no doubt that "Great Expectations" will have as many admirers as any of its predecessors, and that a new generation of readers will decide, when it is ended, that the Great Novelist has at last written his great work—leaving it to their chivalries, at all events, to their successors in the reading world, to discover that, after all, the real master-piece was yet to come, and that a genius like that of Dickens is inexhaustible.

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## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLellan.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



## CHAPTER I.

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and the blacksmith. As I never saw my father, or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unobscuredly derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Adele Georgiana wife of the above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first distinct impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw, damp afternoon toward evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the church-yard; and that Tobias Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, George, and Robert, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark, flat wilderness beyond the church-yard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage air from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves on the side of the church-porch. "Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Don't cut my throat, Sir!" I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, Sir!"

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, Sir."

"Once more," said the man. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, Sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man.

"Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog?" said the man, licking his lips at me. "What do you cheeks you 'ave got?"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undernourished for my years, and not strong. "Dammed if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I hadn't your mother!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it, partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, lookie here!" said the man.

"Where's your mother?"

"There, Sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, Sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oho!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, Sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d've live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I hadn't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, Sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, Sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookie here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, Sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You got me a file," He tilted me again.

"And you got me wittles," He tilted me again.

"You bring 'em both to me," He tilted me again.

"Or I'll have your heart and liver out," He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If



you would kindly please to let me keep upright. Sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file, and them wittles. You bring the lot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your haven't seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fall, or you go from my words in any particular, no matter how small the parickler, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel o' light. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peccoliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keepin' that young man from harmin' of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he said, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good-night, Sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as it to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the evergreen mounds, he looked in my young eyes, as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face toward home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again toward the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stood to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines, and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unheeded cask upon a pole—an ugly slimy thing when you were near it, the other, a gibbet with some



"YOU YOUNG DOG!" SAID THE MAN, LICKING HIS LEGS AT ME. "WHAT FAT CHEEKS YOU HA' GOT!"

chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on toward this latter, as if he were the pirate coming to life and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the black cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

#### CHAPTER II.

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flax on hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very unselected blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square, impenetrable bit in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a power-

ful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason now why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the church-yard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip; and she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickle with her."

At this dismal intelligence I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickle was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She's out now," said Joe; "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickle, and she ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the bars with the poker. "She ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, looking up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickle to further investigation. She concluded by shoving me. I often served

her as a cannibal missile at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me there with his great legs.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry, or I'll have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the church-yard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

"Church-yard!" repeated my sister. "If it wasn't for me you'd have been to the church-yard long ago, and staid there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did," said I.

"And why did I do it, I should like to know!" exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"I don't!" said my sister. "I never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It's had enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother."

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the victuals, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coils.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickle to his station. "Church-yard, indeed! You may well say church-yard, you two." One of us, by-the-by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the church-yard betwixt you one of these days, and oh, a peccoliar pair you'd be without me!"

As she applied herself to set the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally ceasing me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at such times.

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she held the loaf, hard and fast, against her hip—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterward got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf in an apocryphal kind of way, as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaster, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf, which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves: of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintances and his ally, the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larcenous researches in the dead of night might find nothing available in the safe, therefore I resolved to put my bank of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trousers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our above-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companion-



"PIP, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF. IT'LL STICK SOMEWHERE. YOU CAN'T HAVE CHAWED IT, PIP."



"YOU'RE NOT A FALSE IMP? YOU BROUGHT NO ONE WITH YOU?"













MEMORIES OF THE UNION—SERGEANT JASPER RAISING THE SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG ON SPRING HILL REDOUBT, SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 9, 1779.—[SEE PAGE 746.]





MEMOIRS OF THE UNION—EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE ON THE SITE OF EAST BROADWAY, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1776.—[SEE PAGE 746.]



The president made no reply, and Servin pro-







## Possible Effects of Disunion upon New York High Life.



SCENES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.



MATCHES—GREATLY REDUCED—BLACK YER BOOTS—GONE A' BEGGING—SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON A FOREIGNER.



be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with me."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother that a doctor was in attendance. We passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair would be stronger than ever before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent exertion; but in a short time she rallied, and murmured, "I feel it is too late, my darling; may Heaven repay your devotion!"

Marie looked at us inquiringly. We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unconnected manner, and her eyes were growing dull, and dallying with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the reaction of her late excitement; but we were conscious that a few hours more would hand her over to the grave, and we could only give her a little stimulant. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gaily smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope which it cost her agonies to utter.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little to revive, and Marie became almost importunate with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell Monsieur," said the latter, "that we can not see him now. Will he call again?"

"Grandmère has told him that Madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but Madame caught the purport. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliance, and she said, in a voice strong for her,

"What is that, my child? Let Monsieur enter—who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. For although we knew the irritation of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could at worst be affected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, far gone in years, whose demeanor stamped him as belonging to the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable haughtiness, overlaid and softened by the traces of painful suffering. We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of Madame, we whispered her perilous condition, and Marie looked up from her mother's side imploringly.

"Mamma is very ill, Monsieur," said she.

"I am grieved to hear it," rejoined the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice, not unmixed.

At the sound of his voice, Madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from the past. The stranger observed the effort, and spoke again in his low, nervous tone—

"Madame does not know me."

"I have not that pleasure, Monsieur," said she, with apparent diffidence of her memory.

"You are Madame St. Antier, and this," pointing to Marie, "is your child."



A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"You are right, Monsieur. What time?"

"It is also my name," he replied, and he paused as if waiting for the effect, or to master his feelings. Madame's eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a spring she raised herself in her bed, and, looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed,

"I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband."

"And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and to offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?"

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of Madame as she glanced toward Marie, and rejoined,

"Be it so, for his child's sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very hard, Monsieur."

"My son was disobedient, and I was proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain speak only of the future."

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening to the dialogue without uttering a word. Her face reflected the pleasure felt by her mother at this late reconciliation; but it was veiled and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother, like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully in her mother's face, and once almost fancied that the

new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transitory. Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grandfather had done speaking, Marie felt a shiver pass through the frame of her mother, which was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently appealed to us. We saw that the sufferer had ceased to suffer, and that the angels were about to lead home another fugitive from its earthly prison; and we unbound the poor girl's arms from the almost breathless clay.

The patient was soon beyond the reach of worldly ministrations. Her pulse ceased to indicate the presence of life, and the brightest mirror would have passed unaltered over her mouth. She was gone; and we retired from the presence of the grief that was too holy to be witnessed by a stranger.

When we descended we found Justine all anxiety regarding the patient and her visitor. She scanned our features with an almost ludicrous mixture of curiosity and earnestness, and, with a volubility considerably accelerated by the remnant of our second bottle of wine, her questions followed each other with the haste of a flock of sheep with a dog at their heels.

"Was Madame better? Was Monsieur, the visitor, an old friend? Did Mademoiselle comfort herself tranquilly?"

We answered the first question in its order of precedence, and a single expression took possession of her face.

"Great God! and is it so, Monsieur? And Mademoiselle?"

"Is it with her grandfather," we rejoined.

"Did Monsieur say 'her grandfather'?"

We replied in the affirmative.

"I see; Heaven is at length mindful of its own. Then Monsieur will care for her, and the shorn lamb shall not be driven out into the wilderness," exclaimed Justine.

We proceeded to call next day to inquire after Marie, and we kept our word. The wrinkles in Justine's cheeks seemed to have very recently been the channels of an unweaned flow of water, which, in subsiding, had left the usual tide-marks on the banks. Mademoiselle, said she, had passed a wretched night. She had been desolate, inconsolable; but Monsieur, *son grandpère*, was prodigal of his sympathy, and the poor child was growing more reconciled to her loss.

"After the funeral," said Justine, "they will retire to the château of Monsieur, where Marie is to take the place of her deceased grandfather in the household. But I know not how long this arrangement will last," continued she, "for events crowd in rather thickly at present. Marie has received by this day's post a letter from her affianced, who is recovering, and about to return home to establish his health. He is a captain of his regiment now, and will not quietly submit to see his favorite conscript becoming the follower of another."

A few days subsequently we received a handsome mourning ring from Marie's grandfather, accompanied by a note containing warm but unearned thanks from herself, and we have treasured both until now as mementoes of one of the most painful incidents in our professional career.

## A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XX.

As between the man who achieves greatness and him who has greatness thrust upon him there lies a whole world of space, so there an immense interval between one who is the object of his own delusions and him who forms the subject of delusion to others.

My reader may have already noticed that nothing was easier for me than to lend myself to the idle current of my fancy. Most men who build castles in Spain, as the old adage calls them, do so purely to amuse their friends. I indulged in these architectural extravagances in a very different spirit. I built my castle to live in it; from foundation to roof-tree I planned every detail of it to suit my own taste, and all my study was to make it as habitable and comfortable as I could. Ay, and what's more, live in it I did, though very often the tenure was a brief one; sometimes while breaking my egg at breakfast, sometimes as I drew on my gloves to walk out, and yet no terror of a short leave ever deterred me from finishing the edifice in the most expensive manner. I gilded my architecture and frescoed my ceilings as though all were to endure for centuries; and laid out the gardens and disposed the parterres as though I were to walk in them in my extreme old age.



THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE," AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON NOVEMBER 8, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 742.]











